Good Fruit Pays.

The value of a crop of fruit depends m re upon its quality than its quantity. No matter how large the general fruit crop may be, nor how heavily the markets may be "glutted," good fruit will always sell readily, and at fair prices. Nor can there be a surplus grown. If not sold immediately the crops may be dried, evaporated or canned, for there will arrive a time when such will be in demand. Too much fruit has not yet been produced during any season. When the blackberry was made a cultivated crop it was predicted that, as the fence corners and abandoned locations had always afforded a supply, the introduction of large qu ntities of the cultivated kinds would render prices too low to realize profits, but as the crops were increased the berries were improved, and a demand was created that grew with the supply, the consequence being that although carloads are shipped to our large cities during the fruit season, the prices have been higher than at any previous time. The same rule applies to other fruit crops. As the supply increases fruit growers endeavor to advance prices by improving the size and quality of the fruit. In venturing upon fruit growing, the varieties selected should be those best adapted to the climate in which they are to be grown the prolificacy, hardiness and quality being the chief considerations. And it must not be overlooked that some varieties require special cultivation, while the character of the soil is an important factor also. In marketing fruit something depends upon the mode of shipment, while the manner of harvesting, and proper time for so doing, largely affects the keeping qualities. Like every other pursuit, labor is necessary. Preventing insect depredations and pruning at the right moment call for good judgment and careful attention.—Day Star.

Stories of Governor Seymour.

The Utica Observer says:—Though possessed of a grave turn of mind, the late Gov. Horatio Seymour had at times a keen sense of humor, and said many droll things. His allusion to Grant at the meeting of the Army of the Cumberland, in Utica, when he declared that he was a better soldier than his old antagonist, because in 1868 he (Grant) had run farther and the faster, was incomparably happy. Some years ago an incident occurred which at once illustrated Seymour's goodness of heart and his sense of the humorous. Driving along the Deerfield road one day he came across a farmer in distress. The latter's wagon had broken down under a heavy pile of wood, his harness was out of kelter and his position was one of abject misery. He had in vain appealed to passers-by to help him. But Seymour was a friend in need. He helped the farmer to repair his wagon and reload the wood thereupon and loaned the farmer a part of his own harness. The Governor then went his way. Afterwards, when the farmer was telling his story, he startled his hearers by saying: "I never felt so mean in my life. The wood was stolen from the Governor's wood pile." The joke of it all was that during the whole transaction Governor Seymour knew that the wood was his own, but after giving his side of the story, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he was wont to add: "The poor fellow needed the wood more than I did." It is unnecessary to add that Governor Seymour's wood-pile was never again disturbed by that particular neighbor.

Why Gen. Hancock Died Poor.

A New York letter says: Surprise is expressed that Gen. Hancock did not leave a larger estate behind him, but he was generous to a fault, and he had many calls upon his charity. It was the heavy cross of his life that his twin brother, for thirty years resident of a distant Western city, had disappointed his expectations, lost his ambition and sunk into a living death. His brother was a lawyer, one of the most brilliant in the Northwest, clearing from $15,000 to $20,000 a year by his practice, when he fell a victim to his love for good company and good cheer. He went down from his high position like a rocket, and for the last fifteen years has been entirely supported by his brother, the General. There is a touching little bit of romance connected with this sad story. The lawyer was in his prime a magnificent looking man, and he came engaged to the beautiful daughter of a lady in whose house he boarded. The engagement began twenty two years ago. But the lady saw danger ahead, and she refused to marry her ardent and handsome wooer until he would forswear the flowing bowl and show himself a thoroughly reformed man. He still lives in the same house, and the lady is there, too, and still unwedded. She is true to her love, but is equally true to her promise, and while she tenderly cares for the man she loves and mourns, she knows that her life is wrecked, and that there is no hope now on this side of the grave. The world is full of such unnoticed heroines.

The New Model.

According to all accounts the New High-Arm Davis is looked upon by the best judges, as being the most salable sewing machine in the market. It looks so nice, runs so easy, and, in every way, is so well appointed, that no one can help but like it. All these things make it easy to sell. When customers have once seen the new machine, and appreciated its merits, they are sure to buy. The strong point in which the "Davis" has fought, and won, so many battles, is the "Vertical Feed"—an improvement used on no other sewmachine. For sale by R. H. Pennewell, Onancock, Va.

Job Printing neatly executed.

"They Say" and The Slanderer.

"The ignoble mind
Loves ever to assail with secret blow
The loftier, purer beings of their kind."

This exists in society a hideous monster, known to all, though no one disturbs it. Its ravages are great, almost incalculable. It slays reputations, poisons, dishonors and defiles the splendor of the most estimable form. It has no name, being a mere figure of speech, a very word. It is composed of but one phrase and is called 'They say.'

'Do you know such an one?' is often asked, and the person pointed out.

No; but they say he has had strange adventures and his family is very unhappy.'

'Are you sure?'

'No, I do not know anything about it, but they say'—

'This young woman, so brilliant, so much admired. Do you know her?'

'No. They say she is an accomplished coquette and to be shunned.

'But she appears so shy and reserved.'

'Certainly; but they say'—

'Do not trust that gentleman.—Be on your guard.'

'Bah! His fortune is immense. See what an immense establishment he has!'

'Yes, but they say he is very much involved.'

'Do you know the fact?'

'No; but they say'—

This 'they say' is heard in every relation of life. It is deadly mortal and not to be grasped. It goes hither and thither, strikes and kills manly honor, female virtue, without either sex being ever conscious of the injury done.

Of all the ills and maladies and distempers which flesh is heir to' few, indeed, are so dangerous and deadly, and none so insidious, as slander. The dark insinuation, the equivocal expression, the half suppressed sentence, the low whisper—these, with their appropriate accompaniments of looks, winks and nods—are the execrable weapons with which the quiet, smooth-tongued slanderer does his work of desolation and death. An unguarded expression often serves as a foundation for the most poisonous slander.

Did he attack you openly you could guard against the assults, and, if you should fall, fail fighting manfully in defence of your honor and reputation. But no! The blighting innuendo is passed from one to another until the whole town is in possession of it, with all its snow-ball-like accumulation, and all the way along the blasting secret has traveled under the protection of confidential secrecy, so that the injured and perhaps, ruined subject of the slanderer is the last to have the doleful tidings sounded in his ears, and, by this time the fatal stigma has fastened upon him with such weight of suspicion that it may be impossible in a whole life time to cast off effectually the foul assertion.

When we say that our own experimental knowledge of the weakness of our nature and its liability to error when best guarded should teach us to deal charitably with our less fortunate fellows, the sentiment will find a ready response in every rational mind. But how sadly, deplorably deficient in all the nobler impulses of our nature must they be who, prompted by malice or gored by envy, stab at the fair name of the innocent and delight in poring over the mangled reputations of those whose only crime is that they have been marked as victims by the scandals of the community. How lamentably at variance with all that should characterize weak, sinful, fallen man! How boldly, unblushingly confronting all the heavenly precepts given us to redeem our fatal apostasy!—How insolently defying all motives of right; how grossly perverting a nature steeped in sin and perverseness since it had a being! But, strange as it may seem, there's not a community can boast of exemption from the slanderer.

If there is one crime in the catalogue of human crimes that is wholly without excuse it is slander. The impetuosity of youth and the ravages of years alike refuse to plead in extenuation of this blistering stain upon the human character. Even the deliberate murderer has a plausible motive; the thief is lured by the hope of ill-gotten gain, and almost every species of human depravity as manifested in unkind actions to our fellows, offer its reward, but the slanderer, unbidden by necessity and unrequited, save by the keen remorse of a guilty conscience, rushes blindly, madly along in the work of human degradation. There is no character pure enough, there is none degraded enough, to escape the withered blast of slander. There are no virtues can elevate the innocent above its pestilential breath; there are no vices yet learned that can sink their votaries beneath its groveling wanderings; but all,—all from the extremes of virtue to the extremes of vice, are embraced in its theatre of operations.

'Evil for evil' is a ready dictate of our own perverted nature. It seems to be an inherent principle implanted within us, that grows with our growth and ripens with our years unless subdued by the influence of a proper education.—It accords with the impulse of our untutored passions and pleads its right to supremacy with a boldness and perseverance that but often prevail. But the human breast in which rankle the elements of slander, and from which its polluted and polluting breath emits, is a stranger even to that poor charity that withholds evil until injuries call to be avenged. It glories not unless glutted with the anguish of its victims or crimsoned by the blood of the reputations it has plunged into unmerited obloquy and shame. The murderer is a Christian, the foe a friend, the robber a saint, compared with the moral turpitude of the saintly-seeming slanderer who, with the tongue of an angel, combines a heart as black as the smoke of perdition.

Heart Disease.

The origin of heart disease is most frequently traceable to hereditary predisposition, and in many cases it is produced by conduct which was avoidable. Cold, dampness, and enfeebled nervous systems conduce to heart disease; but in the majority of cases—taking all classes of society—its acute exhibition is due to breathing impure air. Confinement in bad ventilated houses, cellar dwellings, schools, workshops and factories, is the cause of a great portion of the heart affections so prevalent in this country. The impure atmosphere of crowded dwellings, seems to have a similiar deleterious action on the chief organ of circulation to that which it exerts on the lungs, and thus we find identical conditions favoring the development of both consumption and derangement of the heart. The thorough and effective ventilation of our rooms and houses, courts and alleys, which proves a preventive in the latter disease, will assuredly hinder the prevalence after former. In some cases disease of the heart is produced by violent and continued exertion, such as that of lifting heavy weight and violent rowing; but the use of alcoholic stimulants is a more frequent producer of cardiac mischief than overwork, and by its indirect effects on the muscular structure of the heart it predisposes, especially in advanced life, to fatty degeneration of the organ itself and of its great blood vessels.

Tobacco is another potent cause of the heart disease, its effect being to paralyze the nerves which control the cardiac function. Medicists have testified to the existence of an appalling amount of heart disease among young men who use tobaco in its different forms.

A Last Will.

When I was a boy I heard of a lawyer who was called up in the middle of a winter's night to draw out the will of an old farmer who lived some three miles away, and who was dying. The messenger had brought a cart to convey the lawyer to the farm; and the latter in due time arrived at his destination. When he entered the house, he was immediately ushered into the sick room, and he then requested to be supplied with pen, ink and paper. There were none in the house! The lawyer had not brought any himself, and what was he to do? Any lead-pencil, he inquired. No; they had none. The farmer was sinking fast, though quite conscious. At last the legal gentleman saw chalked up on the back of the bedroom door column upon column of figures in chalk. These were milk "score" or "shots." He immediately asked for a piece of chalk, and then kneeling on the floor, he wrote out concisely upon the smooth hearthstone the last will and testament of the dying man. The farmer subsequently died. The hearthstone will was sent to the principal registry in London with special affidavits, and was duly proved, the will being deposited in the archives of the registry. I may mention that the law does not state upon what substance or with what instrument a will must be written.—All the Year Round.

Bob Chiggers and the General.

When Breckinbridge was marching on Baton Rouge he one day, unattended by any of his aids, rode up to a solitary pine woods vidette, who had come in from St. Tammany, and was new to the etiquette of army life. The general had not the pass word, and the vidette had no advantage of him in this respect.

"I wish to pass," said the general.

"Well, pass on; who cares a cuss; I ain't stopping this here road are I?"

"You don't know who I am," said the general smiling."

"No, I don't—that's a pooty horse you're on, anyhow."

"I am General Breckinbridge, the commanding officer," continued the general, much amused at the picket's idea of the duty required of him.

"You ar, ar you; well I'm Bob Chiggers, an' I'm glad to see you, old feller; how are you?" replied the picket, extending a hand as large as a frying pan.

The general shook hands and and galloped on, to avoid some lengthy inquiries about Mrs. Breckinridge and the family.

The Old Story.

We all know the story of the Turkish Cadi who held that there was always a woman at the bottom of every trouble. On one occasion there appeared before him one of his officers, who stated that a certain man had fallen out of the window and killed himself.

"Where is the woman?" asked the Cadi.

"It was a man, your sublime highness," responded the officer.

"Where is the woman?" repeated the Cadi.

"It was a man, your ecstatic nobleness," humbly reiterated the officer.

"Where is the woman?" fiercely demanded the Cadi.

"I tell you it was a man who killed himself, your effulgent radiance," roared the officer.

Then an explanation follows when it turns out that the man was leaning out of his window to look at a woman, a few doors off, when he lost his balance and fell to the ground.

"Ah!" cried the Cadi, triumphantly, "I knew there was a woman at the bottom of it; there always is."